THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

IN the Parliamentary session which commenced on the 8th February, and ended on the 10th August instant, the number of public Acts passed was 112, and 172 local Acts, besides four private statutes.

The case of Sefton *v.* Leno, which was a criminal information for a libel that had appeared in the *Sheffield Telegraph* on Lord and Lady Sefton, came on on Thursday at the Leeds Assizes, before Lord Chief Baron Kelly. The Jury found a verdict for the Crown but judgment was deferred until Monday, in order to allow of affidavits in mitigation of punishment.

Adjudication of bankruptcy was, on Thursday, made against Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray, whose name will be remembered in connection with the proceedings which he last year took against Lord Carington for assault. The petitioning creditor is the printer of the weekly paper lately edited by Mr. Murray.

In the betting ring, at Lewes races, on Saturday, Mr. John Garbutt, of Leeds, broke a blood vessel, and died shortly afterwards.

The entries for the Birmingham Horse Show have come in in a most satisfactory manner. There will be seventeen stallions in the two classes, and her Majesty's, Mr. Blenkiron's, the Rawcliffe Stud Company, the Boythorpe Stud Company, and other celebrated breeding establishments will be represented. There is a very large entry in several of the hunter classes, in one instance of over thirty horses. The ladies' horses number no fewer than thirty, and in consequence of this increase the stewards have decided to engage two ladies to show these horses to the judges, one being Miss Feather, from the neighbourhood of Windermere.

From New York we learn that the race for the Queen's Cup took place on Monday, over the usual yacht course. The Cambria did not sustain the character she gained by her run across the Atlantic; but her failure is accounted for to some extent by the fact that, after rounding the lightship, she carried away her foretopmast, and to a still greater extent by the wind being too light to bring out her speed. The cup was won by the Magic, a yacht of 92 tons, the Dauntless being second, the America fourth, and the Cambria eight, 27 minutes behind the winner. The Sappho reached New York on the day of the race.

The Bishop of Manchester, in a sermon preached at Manchester last Sunday, denounced the war now being carried on as one which amazed him by its astounding wickedness. It was awful, he observed, that Emperors and statesmen, to prop a tottering dynasty, to gratify an inordinate ambition, or even for the high object of consolidating a great nation, should thus be prepared to shed blood like water. He ventured to anticipate the verdict of posterity would be that it was wholly unrighteous.

Discharged soldiers who re-enlist are now allowed to count their previous service, together with other advantages; and that, if they present themselves at the offices of the recruiting districts, or at the head-quarters of a regiment, they will be entitled to ten shillings levy money, which will cover their expenses.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* contains a proclamation in which "it is strictly charged and commanded" that strict neutrality be observed by British subjects during the war now existing between the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia. It also enumerates the provisions of the Illegal Enlistment Act, against infringing which her Majesty's subjects are emphatically warned.

We are informed, on good authority, that the Emperor's health has suffered considerably from the exhaustion and fatigue incidental to the great physical exertion and mental excitement through which he has passed. Baron Larry and M. Nélaton are in attendance, and have prohibited the active exertions which the Emperor wished to make on two occasions since he has assumed command at Metz. Letters which have reached Paris from two medical sources, however, describe the Emperor as displaying wonderful serenity under serious physical and mental trials.

In Brussels, on Wednesday night, there was a demonstration in favour of Great Britain. Owing to a heavy rain which fell the number of persons present was not large. The Communal Council of Brussels has voted an address of thanks to Queen Victoria and her people, for the measures taken by the British Government to protect the neutrality of Belgium. This address was to be presented to our Minister at Brussels by the Burgomaster in person.

The King of Prussia, on leaving Saarbruck, has addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants of the French territories occupied by the German armies, in which he says that, owing to the aggression of the Emperor Napoleon, he had been led to cross the frontiers of France. "I am waging war against soldiers, not against French citizens," his Majesty adds. He furthermore says that if no hostile attempts are made against the German troops, the inhabitants will be protected from all injury, and every facility afforded them for conducting business with the soldiers.

"In looking over several hundred exchanges every day," says the *New York Tribune*, "we cannot help seeing how largely the American press sympathises with the Germans in their struggle against the French Emperor. Nearly all the leading journals of the country —those which control public opinion and express themselves according to their convictions—have taken ground against the pretensions of Napoleon, his aggressive designs, and his policy of interference."

Such scenes as Paris witnessed when the fatal news of the MacMahon became known have not occurred during the present century. To find a parallel we must go back to the revolutionary era of 1792. The excitement began at about five o'clock. At the corner of the Rue Richelieu there is a money changer's shop, kept by MM. Leon and Dreher. Over the door are the arms of Russia, the firm being employed by the Russian embassy. A mob was, around it, looking at the last quotations of the Bourse. Some one leaving the shop remarked something about the Prussians having had their turn. This was construed by the mob as a sneering reflection on the battle at Weissenburg, and a rush was made at the shop, which had to be closed instanter—one of the patriots outside chalking upon the shutters, "Closed for insulting France." All the evening there was an immense crowd about the place, and the Garde de Paris had to clear the Rue Richelieu, and keep the mob at bay, but for which precaution M. Dreher's shop, and that of M. Hirsch, the bullion dealer, would no doubt have been gutted. The people kept singing the "Marseillaise," and shouted "*Mort aux Prussiens*." A gentleman whose appearance was Germanic, was set upon, and would have been lynched but for his fleetness of foot enabling him to distance his pursuers. Stones were thrown and the windows smashed. The scene was a scandalous one, and suggested bitter thoughts of the fate that may be in store for the Germans in Paris, or those foreigners who may be taken for Germans, in the event of a defeat of the French army.

Apropos of the Saarbrück skirmish, Edmond About writes:—

The honour of the day, it is only right to declare, belongs to the Prince Imperial. The soldier is no courtier; you will know how to appreciate at its just value this little dialogue which I caught in passing:

"I say, the Emperor was jolly plucky."

"Parbleu! it's his business."

"But the young one—I saw him; he was in the hottest of it, and didn't duck to the bullets!"

"That, now—that's good!"

Another story, of charming simplicity. It is of the Prince:

"But, General," he said, "they're firing at us!"

"Yes, your Highness," replied General Frossard.

Think of the manner in which princes are brought up, the homage with which they are wearied, the thousand proofs which establish in their eyes the doubly-sacred inviolability of their little persons; measure the profound astonishment which must rise in a princely breast at the sight of these projectiles, of which the very least, in falling so near, commits the crime of high treason, and then say if war is not an admirable school, and if emperors are wrong to offer their sons to the enemy. A good lesson of equality, followed by an example of courage. "Thus, then, there are men so daring as to fire upon the Prince Imperial?" "Quite to, your Highness." "Very well; let us see." And the boy stands still in the midst of the bullets. When I say the boy, I mistake; he was a man when he returned from the field.

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that those who have observed the slight skirmishes on the frontier state that the French soldiers opened the boxes of their rifles, and spat into them before almost every shot. "If this is the case," he continues, "it is a bad sign for the celebrated Chassepôts, which are now really first put to the test, in spite of the 'wonders' they did in some charges at Mentana. Our rifles have passed through their age of wonders, and we shall be content if they do their duty. From what I have seen in these small encounters. I am inclined to believe that, on account of the haste with which they shoot, and the great distance at which they fire, the French soldiers will exhaust their amunition before ours gets thoroughly warm." He believes the Germans will economise their ammunition better, aim more quietly, and wait till they get nearer to the enemy. "If the mitralleuse be placed at as great a distance from us as the riflemen, all we shall have to fear from it will be a great havoc among the skylarks."

The victories won by the French on the Continent, in the fighting period between 1706 and 1815, have been generally held up by the French and their Continental partisans as a proof of military prowess. Now that war is once more desolating the homes of many thousands to satisfy the cravings of ambition, it may be as well to note a few facts which will show that the French army has not monopolised the favours of the Goddess of Victory, as the following table will prove:—

	PRUSSIAN VICTORIES.	
1706.	Turin	Prussians and Austrians.
1709.	Malplaquet	Prussians, English, and Austrians.
1757.	Rossbach	Prussians.
1758.	Crefeld	Prussians.
1759.	Minden	Prussians.
1813.	Grossbeeren	Prussians.
1813.	Dennewitz	Prussians.
1813.	Katzbach	Prussians.
1813.	Hagelsberg	Prussians.
1813.	Kulm	Prussians, Russians, and Austrians.
1813.	Wartenburg	Prussians.
1813.	Leipzig	Prussians and Allies.
1814.	Brienne (la Rathiere)	Prussians.
1814.	Laon	Prussians and Allies.
1814.	Craoum	Prussians and Allies.
1814.	Arcis sur Aube	Prussians and Allies.
1814.	Montmartre	Prussians and Allies.
1815.	Wavre	Prussians.
1815.	Quatre Bras	English and Prussians.
1815.	Waterloo	English and Prussians.
	FRENCH VICTORIES.	
1792.	Valmy	Prussians and Allies.
1806.	Jena and Auerstadt	Prussians.
1807.	Friedland	Prussians and Russians.
1813.	Lutzen	Prussians and Russians.
1814.	Montmirail	Prussians.
1814.	Monterou	Prussians and Allies.

Besides these there were four undecided battles, viz., Eylau, in 1807; Bautzen, in 1813; Dresden, in 1813; and Ligny, in 1815.

There has recently died at Leek, North Staffordshire, one of the few surviving witnesses of the execution of Louis XVI. Mr. Jean Baptiste Francois Mien, the gentleman above referred to, was born on the 15th of August, 1786, and was taken prisoner of war at St. Domingo in 1803. He arrived in the following year at Leek, where he married and settled. During his childhood he lived with his friends at Ris, a village on the road to Fontainbleau, and during the scarcity which accompanied the horrors of the revolution was sometimes sent by his mother with food to an uncle named Carriere, who lived in Paris. It was on the occasion of one of these visits that, mounted on his uncle's shoulders, he was taken to see the execution of the King. To the day of his death he had a vivid recollection of the fearful tragedy—the dense mob surrounding the scaffold, the beating of the drums as the King attempted to address the people, and the deafening *roulement* as the knife fell.

METZ.

THE events of war, proverbially subject to varying fortune, are giving an importance to Metz which it would have been rash to predict for it ten days since. Hitherto it has been chiefly referred to as a grand military depôt—a vast magazine and arsenal, admirably fitted by its workshops, foundries, and forges, its immense stores of arms and ammunition, and all the appurtenances of war, to be the base of the operations of an army in the field. Now, however, thousands of Frenchmen are considering it in another character. Metz may have to receive and protect an army retreating before the invaders of France, and this is a purpose which a French stronghold has not been required to serve for more than half a century.

Metz is the centre of the permanent defence of France between the Meuse and the Rhine, and is, after Strasburg, the strongest fortification in France. In a war with Germany it is the French Mayence. Its position is one of the best that a great stronghold can occupy—at the junction of two rivers. A fortress placed on a river where main communications cross, not only fulfils the condition of security, but commands both banks, and offers opportunities for attacking the enemy that attempts to pass it. It is also more difficult to invest, on account of the necessity of constructing and maintaining bridges above and below it. Metz is washed by the Moselle on the west, the river making a bend, and then traversing the town, where it is crossed by fifteen bridges. The Seille enters the place on the south, diverging into two branches, one of which flows between the ramparts, while the other runs through the town.

This abundance of water becomes an important element in the defence of the fortress. By closing the sluices of the Seille, the waters may be raised 24 feet, so as to form a lake more than six miles in extent. There are nine gates to the town, and as many drawbridges. The enciente was planned by Vauban, and continued by Marshal Belleisle. The chief works in advance of the enciente are the Double Crown works of Moselle and Belle-Croix, constructed by Cormontaigne, one of the greatest masters of the art of fortification which France ever possessed, and are considered his *chef d'œuvre*. Cormontaigne resided at Thionville, and reconstructed most of the fortifications in this part of France. Improving upon Vauban's system, he carried the salient point of the ravelin—that two-faced, wedge-like work which is constructed opposite the curtain, in front of the tenailles—much further out. By this construction it became impossible for an enemy to ascend the glacis of a bastion until he had got possession of the two collateral ravelins, on account of the fire which might be directed from these upon his approaches between them, and so the time necessary for conducting a siege was increased. The Double Crown at Metz is surrounded by a triple ditch filled with water. There is also a considerable redoubt, called Le Paté, so contrived that it may be converted into an island. The military hospital is adapted to receive 1,500 patients.

The defences of Metz, however are not confined to the fortress; Metz has forts about it which make it a great entrenched camp. When you have cleared the numberless gates, portcullisses, and bridges, you arrive at one of three entrenched camps in process of formation. Forts St. Quentin have each 60 guns, casemates, and bomb-proof barracks, and ditches five yards deep. They stand on the summit of a high hill which overlooks for miles the broad valley in which Metz stands. Their guns would play with tremendous effect on any enemy advancing up the valley to attack the town at its feet, and a beaten or demoralised army might find ample shelter in the valley, guarded on one side by the guns of the town, and on the other by the forts. But a regular siege of Metz in the circumstances of the present war is an event hardly to be thought of. France would probably be able to raise, drill, and equip a large army before it could be taken. It would probably be masked, in which case the French Commander-in-Chief would have to take care that he left no more troops in it than were absolutely required to hold it, and use the rest for the defence of the road to Paris, while the German Commander-in-Chief must leave enough men before it to protect his communications from attack by the garrison. The Emperor Charles V. besieged Metz for 10 months, lost 30,000 men, and then had to abandon his enterprise. When Blucher passed Metz in 1814 he left only a Prussian division to watch it. The merely temporary loss of Metz to France, following upon that of Strasburg, which can no longer be counted on, would be severe, on account of the number of necessaries for the army which are prepared or stored there. The population of Metz, approaching 60,000; its fine bridges, public gardens, quays, and esplanade; its magnificent Gothic cathedral of the 14th century; its church of the Knights Templars, joined to its historical renown, make this ancient city an object of justifiable pride to every Frenchman.

The French fleet passed Dover, on Tuesday, at four o'clock. It was bound eastward. The fleet consisted of eleven ships of large size, all apparently being ironclads.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

A WRETCHED WOMAN.

A COMEDIETTA—IN TWO ACTS.

(*Continued from page 251*).

Pocklington (*after a pause*). But after all, there is no great harm done. The female heart is susceptible; your fault has stopped short at the threshold; your confessing your weakness to your husband was the best proof of your wishing to overcome it. You do not suppose Gosling capable——

Mrs. Pocklington. An outraged husband is capable of everything!

Pocklington. Hush!

Mrs. Pocklington. Suppose when you, a few short months after our honeymoon, were seated by my side, painting your passion and appealing to mine, I had confessed a feeling of attachment to that corporal of dragoons, who——

Pocklington. Claudia!

Mrs. Pocklington. Suppose I had said to you "Septimus, my soul aspires to something more than a grocer: you are insufficient to complete my happiness, I need the martial bearing, the aristocratic figure—

Pocklington. Mrs. Pocklington!

Mrs. Pocklington. If, in the midst of the unreserved blandishments of conjugal intimacy I had murmured instead of the name of Septimus, the warlike yet harmonious prefix—Achilles! What would you have done?

Pocklington (*with a terrible gesture*). Woman! I know not!

Mrs. Pocklington (*with satisfaction*). You see that our daughter is doomed!

Pocklington. I see it! I see it now. I understand that a husband placed in so abnormal a position might proceed to the deadliest extremities: it is clear. (*To Araminta.*) He will kill you my child! he will kill you!

Araminta. Weep not for me, my beloved parents! The die is cast: I am resigned. I have had a presentiment for some time that I should die young. But death has no terrors for me. What is life? A burthen that keeps us from soaring! A clog upon the purer part of our essence which it prevents from fleeing away and being at rest! If this man kill me in his just vengeance I shall bless the hand that puts an end to a wretched woman!

Mrs. Pocklington. My daughter!

Araminta. I have been bounded too long by this horizon of sarsaparilla and Cockle's pills! I have been chained down to a life of Gregory's mixture, and the rhubarb has entered my soul (*with exaltation*)—I would visit the spheres!

Mrs. Pocklington (*aside to her husband*). She wishes to visit the spheres!

Pocklington. We must not permit it.

Enter MARY JANE.

Araminta. Mary Jane! If I have ever been unkind or inconsiderate to you, forgive me.

Mary Jane (*in astonishment*). Ma'am?

Araminta (*detaching a cross from her neck*). Take this cross—

Mrs. Pocklington (*aside*). My cross!

Araminta. Do not let it go to the pawnbroker's, and wear it in memory of your unhappy mistress. (*To her parents*) A last embrace! You, too, Cissy—Mary Jane! It is over; I go to await the fatal stroke. [*Exit.*

Pocklington (*to Mary Jane*). Go with your mistress, she is not well. Go with her, and do not leave her.

[*Exit* MARY JANE.

Pocklington (*walking up and down in great agitation*). What is to be done! Deliver this monster up to justice? Impossible, without proof, and I have, as yet, no proof. And they call this a free country! where a man cannot be arrested without proof; and we boast of our Magna Charta!

Enter HECTOR

Hector. Now for it! Uncle, I have come——

Pocklington. Hush!

Hector. What is the matter?

Pocklington (*listening*). No, it is not he.

Hector. Who?

Pocklington (*without attending to him*). And perhaps at this moment he is sharpening the homicidal steel—

Hector. Who?

Pocklington. The guilty Gosling.

Hector. What of him?

Pocklington. He has sworn to murder Araminta!

Hector. Bah!

Pocklington. And may appear at any moment, his eye gleaming with lurid light, his lips covered with foam, brandishing the knife of the assassin.

Enter CONSTANTINE *precipitately*. MRS. POCKLINGTON *screams*.

Mrs. Pocklington. Ah! I thought it was he!

Pocklington. What news? What news?

Hector (*aside*). They 've evidently all lost their wits.

Constantine (*in a sepulchral voice*). The worst. For upwards of an hour I have followed that man like his shadow.

Mrs. Pocklington (*trembling*). Ah!

Constantine. It is impossible to doubt his atrocious intentions. But you shall hear. (*They gather round him.*) On quitting this house he set off at a rapid pace, smiting his forehead—thus.

Mrs. Pocklington. He was arranging his plans.

Constantine. After a while he slackened his pace, and put one hand behind his back.

Pocklington. Which hand?

Constantine. The right.

Pocklington. The hand with which the deed was to be done!

Constantine. Soon he again increased his speed.

Mrs. Pocklington. Crime bore him on—

Constantine. And did not stop until opposite "The Plough."

Pocklington. With a view to an alibi—no doubt.

Constantine. After waiting a few moments he proceeded as far as the church which he passed at full speed.

Mrs. Pocklington. The sacred edifice struck terror into him.

Constantine. When he got to the police-station he leant against the wall.

Pocklington. The dread of punishment overcame him.

Constantine. At last he regained the High Street and paused for a long time before a doctor's shop.

Mrs. Pocklington. Debating whether it should be arsenic or strychnine.

Constantine. He then walked off hurriedly. In attempting to follow him I slipped on something and fell. When I rose he was out of sight.

Pocklington. The assassin had disappeared! He may be here at any moment. Hush! it is he. We must not lose sight of him for an instant. Let everyone take up a natural position. You, Constantine, dust the piano. Claudia (*giving her a workbox*), open and shut this box as unconcernedly as possible. Hector turn the lamp up and down at intervals. I—I will—wind up the clock. So. He will suspect nothing. Each one to his post. (*All do as directed.*)

Hector (*aside*). It is quite evident they are all out of their senses. The day after my wedding they all go to Colney Hatch.

Pocklington (*listening*). He comes! H'sh!

Enter GOSLING *slowly, absorbed in reflection, and wet to the skin. Speaking to himself.*

I have reflected. My poor little 'Minta. If she has taken a dislike to me it is very likely my fault. I have fancied I was a good husband: but, after all, I may have been mistaken. One never knows. She is nervous, and I may have been inconsiderate. I must have vexed her somehow: perhaps I have not hit upon the right idea; but it was worth trying. These earrings which 'Minta wanted so much, and I was obliged—she doesn't know why (*ruefully*)—to refuse her, may be the thing, and may set matters straight. Perhaps she thought me unkind—mean—and to punish me invented that story of the soldier. It has punished me (*sighing*), goodness knows! I have suffered in the last two days more than I did in the measles. I feel (*putting his hand on his heart*) as if I had lost something here. Well, I have an idea—We shall see.

Pocklington (*who has finished winding up the clock, and now is winding up his watch*). He is arranging the bloody details.

Gosling (*to himself*). I will put my peace-offering on her dressing-table, with a little note, asking her to let bygones be bygones, and come to Astley's to-morrow. I must get Mary Jane to manage it. How shall I make her understand? Ah—(*aloud*). It is very cold.

Pocklington (*aside*). Evil consciences are always cold.

Gosling. The fire is very low. Mary Jane!

Enter MARY JANE.

Put some coals on, my dear.

Pocklington (*aside*). He calls her "my dear," the crocodile!

Gosling (*aside*). I must make Mary Jane understand quietly.

Pocklington (*aside*). What a tigerish expression! (*Every one watches* GOSLING'S *movements out of the corners of their eyes.*)

Enter MARY JANE *with wood, kneels down before the fire and makes it up.*

Gosling (*aside*). I must be cautious! (*gradually approaching* MARY JANE.) Ah! that's better (*speaking in a low voice*)—Mary Jane!

Mary Jane. Sir!

Gosling. H'sh! (*says a few words in a low tone to* Mary Jane)—you understand?

Mary Jane. Yes, sir. (Gosling *puts a piece of money into her hand*).

Pocklington (aside). Merciful powers! He is corrupting the servant!

Mary Jane (to Gosling *in a low tone).* Missis is still up. Won't you go in and see her?

Gosling. What is she doing?

Mary Jane. She is writing her will on a sheet of foolscap.

Gosling. Good Heavens! Is it possible she thinks of—I must prevent it at all risks! (*Is rushing in to* Araminta's *room, when* Mrs. Pocklington *screams and seizes him by the throat,* Pocklington *taking hold of his coat tails, and* Constantine *hanging on to his legs*).

Pocklington. Yield, miscreant! Resistance is in vain.

Mrs. Pocklington. Under our very eyes!

Gosling (struggling frantically). Keep off—get out—help!

Pocklington (to Hector, *who is screaming with laughter).* Arrest his accomplice! (*pointing to* Mary Jane).

Enter Cissy.

Cissy (to Mary Jane). What is it?

Mary Jane. I don't know.

Gosling. Who does?

Enter Araminta. Mrs. Pocklington *claps her to her breast.*

Mrs. Pocklington. Fear nothing; the criminal has given himself up!

Gosling. The criminal? Me? You thought?—Oh! No, you could not have been so wicked. (*To* Araminta). You, too! What have I done to make you think so ill of me? (*covers his face with his hands.*)

Hector. Nothing, Gosling. They are all mad. You and I are the only two sane ones of the family.

Pocklington. Ta, ta, ta, ta! And your nocturnal wanderings! And your visit to the "Plough"—and your hurried avoidance of the church—and your dread of the police station—and your diabolical meditations on poison outside the chemist's shop? You have been followed, sir! Your violent and lawless meanderings have lasted two hours.

Gosling (simply). It is true; but you don't suppose I walked about to amuse myself all that time. You don't know the trouble which one may endure in a two hours' walk at night when you have found out that your wife does not love you in the morning. You think, perhaps, I can't be unhappy because I am not very clever, and my name is Gosling. You are quite wrong, I feel it all the more. If I were rich, handsome, and clever, I might not feel my wife not caring for me. But I am a poor druggist—I love her—I shall never love any one else—and I am very miserable The sorrow one drags with one—on foot—in the rain, sometimes turns into despair when one takes the turning that leads to the ponds.

Araminta places her hand on her heart.

Pocklington looks indignantly at Constantine.

Gosling. I did stop at the "Plough" certainly. I intended at first to sleep there. But—I thought so of our comfortable home *(looking pleadingly at* Araminta*)*—our cozy little room, where I have passed so many happy hours, that I had not the heart to go and rest in an inn. I *did* pass the church at a trot, I could not bear to look at it, for it was there I was married—on a bright day, when I was happy. After that I stopped at the chemist's; I saw through the shop into the parlour; my friend Squills was there with his wife; he was dancing the baby, she at work—such a bright fire—and they looked so happy. I could not help staying to look on. So I waited a quarter of an hour, with my feet in a puddle, till baby went to bed, and Squills and his wife (*sobbing*) sat down to cribbage.

Araminta (aside). I feel something here. (*Comes nearer* Gosling.)

Pocklington. I have a shrewd suspicion that Constantine is a villain.

Gosling. It was then I felt very miserable, and thought of taking the turning that led to the ponds. (Araminta *puts her handkerchief to her eyes.)* But suddenly an idea came into my head; a stupid one I dare say, but it came, and it gave me hope. I said to myself, she may perhaps love me again some day! So I ran back and bought these earrings that she wished for some time since; I was obliged to refuse her then, I owed so much—but what does that matter—what does anything matter now? *(sinks down in a chair.)*

Pocklington. You owed so much? I thought you were doing so well!

Gosling. I did at first. But latterly, I don't know how it is, I have got into difficulties: Squills's large shop with the coloured lamps, attracts all the people. Squills is a happy man, perhaps he works harder—though I work too—but it does not matter.

Araminta (weeping). It does matter! The chord, the chord—I feel tears—Gregory, you have made the chord vibrate; it feels as if it would break. *(throws herself into his arms.)*

Gosling (entranced). She loves me again!

Araminta. No! I love you—I have never yet loved you as you ought to be loved, but I love you now. We will be happy. We will sell everything, except these earrings—I will work.

Cissy (crying). I will make braces.

Pocklington (turning on Constantine). Wretch! so you were not ashamed to calumniate this noble man! Fly to the Steppes of Tartary and hide your shame among the Khans!

Constantine (crying). I love my master. I will never leave him.

Pocklington. I am rich—that is to say, I have enough. We will pay off your debts, Gregory; we will enlarge the shop; we will have coloured lamps; and we will crush Squills.

Hector (aside to Gosling). I resign Cissy's dowry in your favour.

Constantine. You shall have my year's savings.

Mary Jane. I will serve you for nothing.

Gosling (transported with joy). My wife—my sister—my cousin—my friends. I have made new relations.

Pocklington (extending his arms). You have made a father! (*Embraces* Gosling.)

Mrs. Pocklington. A mother!

Araminta (throwing herself into his arms). And a happy wife of "A Wretched Woman."

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DOUBLE-OR-QUITS—IN AUSTRALIAN WILDS.

Every night we used to assemble at a shanty called the Go-a-head Restaurant; and there we used to drink ourselves blind, very often winding up with a fight, in which knives would be used, and some ugly wounds given. Lucky diggers would play cribbage, or brag, or a game called eucre, for pinches, or ounces, or nuggets of gold; and hundreds of pounds would sometimes be lost and won in an hour. There was one gambling digger we called Double-or-Quits, because when he lost the game he would cry "Double-or-quits!" and, losing that, would cry, "Double-or-quits!" again; and then "Double-or-quits!" and "Double-or-quits!" again, until it was all "quits" with him, and he had nothing left to "double" with. He was one of the luckiest of all the diggers round about; wherever he struck his pick, gold seemed to spring up and beg of him to take it. He worked like a nigger all day; and when he had made fifty or sixty ounces, he would go and get rid of it at "double-or-quits." He had a drop of drink in him once—it wasn't the only time he had it, mate—and he kissed a barmaid. When she boxed his ears for it—what they always did, mate—he caught her round the neck and cried "Double-or-quits!" and kissed her again. He came to a queer end, did Double-or-Quits. He had a quarrel with a digger; and they agreed to fight it out. They staked money on the fight—I forget how much—and Double-or-Quits licked his man, and won. "I'll fight you again to morrow," said the man who was licked. "All right," said Double-or-Quits; "we'll fight to-morrow for the same amount—double-or-quits." They fought the next day. Double-or-Quits came with a rush. "Double!" he cried, as he delivered a stinging blow. "Quits!" cried the other man; and he hit Double-or-Quits a tremendous blow in the face, and knocked him senseless. Double-or-Quits never recovered from that blow. He took to his bed, and died a week afterwards. He was crazed all the time he was ill, and didn't know any one about him. But all the week he was playing cards with shadows, and crying out, "Come along—cut again. Double-or-quits!" A minute before he died he jumped out of bed, and looked before him in a fright, thinking, perhaps, that Old Nick was by his side, and had come to fetch him. "Double-or-quits!" he screamed; and then, as if he had lost the game and couldn't pay, he threw up his arms and dropped down dead.

The *St. Louis Republican* of the 14th July gives an account of the arrival at that city of a little schooner-rigged yacht, six tons burden, called the Jennie Bonnie, which has been navigated by her owner, Captain Carpenter a retired officer of the American navy, and a single companion, from the eastern part of Maine, along the whole eastern coast line of the United States. During her long journey she safely weathered a terrible storm, during which she passed the wrecks of six merchant vessels. From St. Louis, after a stay of two days, she started up the Mississippi to St. Paul, the intention being to take her across the Portage to Lake Superior, thence through Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, and by the St. Lawrence to the point from which she started.

Our Prize Rhymes.

Prize Word—No. XLIII.—Title.

First—

Es ist, to quote the Germans, eitel
To covet any empty title;
A Marquisate will not entitle
Its owner to distinction vital,
But virtue, honesty, and right 'll
Earn the best of all requital.

Fog.

Throughout the Abyssinian war
He nobly worked and slaved—what for?
The nation gave him as requital
His well-deserved, undying title.

Dirr.

Peace, the seraph, oft has taught us
(Heav'n-descended sweet disciple)
Science, Art, her fairest daughters,
Only with herself are vital.

Restless Father Time has brought us
Round again another cycle;
Gory War again has sought us
With its pomp and sounding title.

Droop, Europa, weep and tremble;
Haughty and ambitious spoilers
Make their vampire hosts assemble,
Rob and slay thy honest toilers.

May the tyrants—despots—never
Live to hear their deeds' recital;
Widows, orphan-makers ever
Reap a righteous, just requital.

Barney's See.

In Norfolk when a donkey strays,
And no one shows a title,
We hopple* that poor dickey's† ways,
And put him in the pitle.‡

Norfolk Howard.

If in these mercenary days
You woo a maiden fair,
The questions asked by pas and mas
Will drive you to despair.
The first will be, "Pray what 's your title?
What, have you none? Then have you wealth?"
If not, papa no contract write 'll,
And you must wed your love by stealth.
And even then the law's great might 'll
P'r'aps rob you of your treasure won,
Unless you 're cunning, and by night 'll
Pack up your duds and cut and run.
But then, O fear the dread requital—
Her father's ire poured on your head
Your wedded bliss most surely blight 'll,
So, take my warning, do not wed!

L. N. P.

Prize Word—No. XLIV.—Gosling.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

An action of divorce has just been decided in the Court of Session, Edinburgh. The action was at the instance of Mr. William Walker, Murrayfield, formerly of Sheffield, against his wife, on the ground that she had committed adultery with Mr. James Grant, author of "The Romance of War," &c. In the course of the evidence it appeared that Mr. Grant and Mrs. Walker had kept up communication for same time by means of advertisements, couched in amorous terms, in the *Scotsman*; that Mr. Walker had intercepted correspondence of a clandestine nature from Mr. Grant to Mrs. Walker; that in conversation she frequently alluded to Mr. Grant as her "Dear wee Jamie," and "my darling;" that they were often seen at night in retired places; that on several occasions they were observed in St. Cuthbert's burying-ground, embracing each other; that Mr. Grant often called at the house at Murrayfield when Mr. Walker was absent, and remained sometimes for three or four hours; that Mrs. Walker had a locket containing Mr. Grant's likeness, which she wore round her neck during the day, and kept under her pillow at night. Evidence was also given to the effect that Mrs. Walker had endeavoured at various times to get the servants out of the house when she expected a visit from Mr. Grant. Five days were occupied in hearing the evidence, and two days with the speeches of the counsel.—Mr. Balfour, on behalf of Mrs. Walker, maintained that the correspondence and intercourse between her and Mr. Grant arose from a congenial predilection for romance and sentiment.—The Lord Ordinary (Lord Ormidale) found Mrs. Walker guilty of adultery, and granted a divorce.

* Hopple—hobble. † Dickey—donkey. ‡ Pitle—pound.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Plunger.—We will recommend none. All Royal Roads to Fortune are Imperial Roads to Ruin. If you believe that money can be made without work you have an enviable creed, but one that is certain to break you in the long run.

Florentine.—We do not see what it can matter to you or any one else, but you have stumbled on the truth. It would have been awkward for you had she been in her usual place—the bottom of the well.

Alum Beg.—We don't want any. If we did, we should buy it.

Crambo.—It is as plain—unless you have what Horace called a *Natus prævus*—as the nose on your face. The answer is, J'ai grand appétit: allons souper.

Thames Darell.—You are as turbid as Thames water. Go to the Helicon or the New River Head, and then send us a sample.

R.C.—Ah, no!

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Olympic.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
Strand.—Kind to a Fault—The Pilgrim of Love. Half-past Seven.
New Queen's.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
Vaudeville.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870.

THE treaty concluded between England on the one hand and France and Prussia on the other will come upon the public somewhat in the nature of a surprise, but the explanations with which the announcement was accompanied in both Houses of Parliament will remove any apprehensions which the contract of new obligations on the part of this country would otherwise be likely to arouse. The effect of this treaty is simply to re-assert the engagements of 1839, and to notify, in the most distinct and formal manner, the intention of England, on her part, to see that they are respected. Reviewing the situation, as far as it concerned Belgium, and our own duty in respect thereto, the Government wisely resolved that there should be no recourse to useless complaints or offensive measures. Thoroughly decided, as Lord Granville says they were, that the honour of the country demanded that they should stand by Belgium, they saw before them three courses of action. They might intimate to the belligerents that the invasion of Belgium would be regarded by this country as an act of war, and would be resisted by force of arms. Or they might effect a coalition with Russia and Austria—the other neutrals who are parties to the treaty of 1839—for joint action to the same end. Their objection to the first course was that it might be deemed needlessly offensive, and to the second that time would not admit of the negociations which must have preceded such an arrangement. What they did was to propose to France and Prussia to join with this country in a treaty to the effect that if the armies of either belligerent should violate the territory of Belgium, the other belligerent should co-operate with Great Britain for the defence of that territory. Both Powers have virtually accepted this proposal. The King of Prussia has authorised his ambassador in London to sign the treaty, and the assent of France is only delayed while certain modifications, about which no difficulty is likely to arise, are being discussed. There is reason to believe that Russia and Austria will also give in their adhesion to the treaty.

There are two provisoes which the English public will regard as of special importance. One is, that this country is not to be held bound to take any part in the general operations of the war; the other, that while it is stipulated that the obligations of the treaty of 1839 are to remain in force, the new treaty is to determine at the expiration of twelve months from the conclusion of peace. Of course, as the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Disraeli observed in the course of the debate, it is impossible to pronounce a definitive opinion upon the treaty until its precise terms are made known, but if they are accurately described in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville, we think the Government may fairly be congratulated upon what is, to a certain extent, a diplomatic success. From our point of view it is a decided gain that the present Ministry is bound, anew and by its own act, to redeem the obligations of England under the treaty of 1839. Henceforth there can be no misconception upon this point. By this treaty we reaffirm those obligations, and assert our clear intention to act up to them, and in doing this we leave no pretext for the incredulity which is said to exist in certain continental Courts. The two Powers whom it is our interest to convince of our steadfastness of purpose are themselves signatories to the instrument which records and attests it. It may be said that France and Prussia are already pledged, apart from their obligations under the treaty of 1839, to respect the territory of Belgium, but it must not be forgotten that both their recent undertakings contain the important reservation that neither Power shall be bound by it when the other has broken it. By this new treaty the non-invading belligerent engages in such a case to co-operate with Great Britain in driving off the intruder, instead of taking advantage of his *lache* to carry the war into Belgium for what Mr. Gladstone calls its "general purposes." It is an additional guarantee for the threatened kingdom, and it puts an end to all doubt as to the part which our Government will play if the dreaded contingency should arise.

The National Artillery Association is to hold its annual meeting very shortly at Shoeburyness. The corps intending to take part in the proceedings will go into camp on or before Monday next, when under ordinary circumstances this gathering might excite but little attention amongst the general public, because the Wimbledon meeting would have exhausted the interest of Volunteer encampments for the moment, but in face of current events, the meeting at Shoeburyness will have a far greater significance than usual. We are, perhaps, the least military people in Europe, as far as our natural tastes and spontaneous habits are concerned, but actual warfare on a tremendous scale within a few hundred miles of us—no further from London in a straight line than Edinburgh, and above all the possibility, which we cannot entirely ignore, that we ourselves may be drawn into the wild vortex sooner or later, has imparted even to the peaceful British householder a restless interest in military affairs, which cannot be wholly satiated by letters from the seat of war. The fever is gradually working its way through our veins. Events which have no bearing directly or indirectly on military affairs seem hardly worth notice. The Irish Land Bill might, one would think, judging by the attention that has been paid to it for the last few weeks, have been passed by the Administration of Sir Robert Peel, and National Education might be a subject of mere archæological research for all that is said of it now in clubs or railway carriages, or wherever men discuss the movement of public affairs. The meeting of the Volunteer Artillery Corps is an event which has greater interest just now than the conscience clause or the scale of compensation. And it has this amount of genuine importance. The meeting together of troops in camp is, perhaps, the only way of teaching new troops—of giving them any clear notion of military service. Battles are not merely fought by means of breech-loading rifles and cannon. They are to a large extent contested indirectly by means of camp kettles and baggage waggons. It is well for a volunteer to know how to drill and shoot, but before he can be a soldier, he must know how to bivouac and cook his dinner. Even these holiday camps where an elaborate staff is organised beforehand and a thousand preparations made in advance, do not teach everything. The Government which occupied the attention of all Europe last autumn with the field manœuvres of its army knew what it was about. Prussian troops are not only made familiar with camps, they are trained in make-believe campaigns. Considering the backward condition of our military arrangements in every department, it may be premature to talk of practising our soldiers or volunteers in field manœuvres; but the very fact that such exercises would be entirely out of the question at present in this country, ought to show us how urgently they are really needed. Setting that question aside, however, for the moment, there is one point which the meeting of the National Artillery Association ought to press on the attention of the Government. What is the use of drilling the men in the use of obsolete weapons? Why cannot they be properly provided at once with field-pieces on the newest pattern, rifled and breechloading, instead of being allowed to waste their time with old-fashioned smooth-bored guns, which no general would now think of sending into action?

A valuable public servant has just been lost to the Metropolis by the death of Sir John Thwaites, who for the past fourteen years has filled the office of Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works. That Board does not enjoy the highest popularity in London. It has had to impose heavy local taxation, its constitution is faulty, and in the progress of public opinion its very existence is beginning to be considered an obstruction; but whatever its corporate reputation, the character of its Chairman never ceased to command respect and conciliate regard. The highest ambition of Sir John Thwaites was to be useful to his fellows, and it was his disinterested and public-spirited activity in the furtherance of practical measures which affect every-day life that designated him to the post he has so long filled with honour. The Chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works was sought, in 1856, by men of high, popular, legal, and Parliamentary reputation, but the plodding, honest, practical tradesman was returned; and it soon became apparent that a better choice could not have been made. When, under him, London had obtained a system of main drainage which has not its equal in the world, the Crown signified its approval of his exertions, by conferring on him the honour of Knighthood. Since then the Thames Embankment has been completed. Sir John's last public appearance, at the opening of Walton Bridge, was made when he was already suffering from the disease which was soon to prove fatal. He will be much regretted, not only by the members of the body over which he presided with infinite tact and good temper, but by all who have followed the development of his public career.

The Cambria has failed in her gallant attempt to recover the Queen's Cup, which was so brilliantly won by the America on English waters nineteen years ago. The English schooner had to contend on this occasion against the crack vessels of the New York Squadron, and it appears that the Dauntless, which she had defeated in the race across the Atlantic, came in second; the original winner of the Cup, the America, being only eighth, and the Cambria twelfth out of the seventeen starters. The telegrams mention, however, that the Cambria was "disabled," by which is meant, it may be conjectured, that she had carried something away, and so been delayed in repairing damages, or replacing a spar. It would certainly be satisfactory to our yachtsmen at home to learn that an accident had prevented the little stranger from confirming in this contest in inland waters (to use an American phrase) the reputation achieved by her surprising performance on her ocean passage.

That performance was surprising to many of her warmest admirers, who had imagined that her superiority in light weather, in narrow seas, and on a course where fine steering and quick manœuvring were required, would be overpowered by the large craft on a long and open course in blue water. It would seem still more surprising that the Cambria should beat a vessel of the calibre of the Dauntless across the Atlantic, and be beaten by a vessel of the Magic's tonnage in New York Bay. We are, therefore, inclined to believe that had she not been disabled the Cambria would have given a different account of herself in this interesting encounter. The weather appears to have been sufficiently in her favour, or at any rate such as to give no too decided advantage to any larger or lighter craft. Doubtless the Cambria will be at no loss for further opportunities of ratifying her ocean victory; but the Queen's Cup remains on the other side of the Atlantic, at all events till the season of 1871—the twentieth year from its capture.

HANS EULER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

I.

"Hark, Martha, some one knocks: go bid the stranger stay,
'Tis some benighted pilgrim, that has wandered from his way!
Peace be with thee, Sir Knight! sit down and share our cheer;
The bread is white and smoking, the water fresh and clear."

II.

"I have no peace with thee or thine, I want not rest or food;
But if thou art Hans Euler, I have sworn to have thy blood!
For months I've longed to meet thee, and sought thee in the strife:
I had a brother, and by thee that brother lost his life.

III.

"And as he lay upon the earth, he claimed an oath from me,
That, soon or late, I would avenge, his cruel death on thee!"
"If he fell it was in lawful strife, my cause was good and true;
If thou comest to avenge him—I am ready for thee too!

IV.

"Bnt not beneath this sacred roof; I fight in sight of all
For which I've fought and bled so oft, for which I soon may fall.
The sabre, Martha—yes, the same, with which the deed was done;
And should I not return to thee, Tyrol can spare a son!"

V.

They left the hut together, to the heights they bent their way—
The sun had just thrown open the golden gate of day—
Hans went before, and after him the stranger knight strode on,
And high above the enemies the light of heaven shone.

VI.

They stand upon the summit,—a world of Alps in sight,
Their giant figures gleaming with the rosy morning light;
And through the fading mists below the valleys lie at rest,
With hamlets in their arms, and with flocks upon their breast.

VII.

There run the mighty mountain streams, there cliffs on cliffs arise,
Beneath, the dark-crowned forests; above, the boundless skies;
And, deep enshrined in heavenly peace, unseen, yet felt to be,
In hamlet, cottage, and in heart—the Spirit of the Free.

VIII.

Both gaze in silence on the scene: the stranger drops his hand;
But Hans points down with pride to his beloved Fatherland:
"That was my cause, for that our strife, for that I fought and bled,
Thy brother was its enemy, for that I struck him dead."

IX.

The knight looks down, looks up at Hans, to draw his sword he tried,
But the blade clings to the scabbard, and his arm falls to his side:
"If he fell it was in lawful strife, thy cause was good and true;
And if thou wilt forgive me, Hans, 'I am ready' too!"

The Man in the Stalls.

THE Tonic Sol-Fa Association, which at the present moment comprises 4,500 certificated singers, held its annual choral festival, on Wednesday, as usual, at the Crystal Palace. Although the weather was at intervals showery, there was a numerous attendance of visitors—friends principally of those who took part in the performance. The space in front of the great Handel orchestra was crammed, as were also the side galleries; while at more distant points, where perhaps the great volume of sound coming from the numerous voices composing the orchestra fell upon the ear with improved harmony and effect, stood and sat, as the case may be, hundreds more. The concert passed off most satisfactorily. Sacred and secular music alike was warmly applauded. Mr. J. Sarll and Mr. J. Proudman were the conductors, the one of the first, the other of the second part, whilst Mr. J. Coward presided at the organ. The concert opened with the National Anthem, the unpretentious yet animated rendering of which by about the same number of vocalists, male and female, as of brave soldiers left on the battle-field by the French at Weissenburg, suggested the thought, how different the fruits of peace to those of war! How sweet the mingling of 4,500 voices in a place of pleasure like the Crystal Palace, as compared with the groans and writhing of a similar number placed *hors de combat* on the field of battle! The vigour with which the chorus was given seemed in some measure due to the state of feeling necessarily excited in the minds of the English people by the stirring events of the times. "Hear my prayer" (Kent's) was excellently rendered, as also was Croft's magnificent anthem, "Cry aloud and shout." But that which of all other pieces composing the sacred portion of the concert told upon the audience was Rossini's chorus, "God of Israel," the brass instruments being heard to great advantage above the voices of the singers. It was loudly encored. "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation"—a composition the music of which is beautifully appropriate to the words—was sung by permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., and constituted a very effective finish to the first part of the performance. The second, or secular, although greatly appreciated, was not so well suited, in some of the selections, for a large orchestra such as was here assembled, as the sacred. Still, nothing could have been better than the part song, Truhn's "Three Chafers." The words are merry and amusing, and, the music being so too, its reception was of the most demonstrative kind. "The Red Cross Knight," Dr. Calcott's glee, and Bishop's "Blow, gentle gales," were given in a manner which called forth loud and repeated plaudits, and the audience testified their admiration of the way in which the "Soldier's Chorus" was rendered most unmistakeably. Besides the concert, there were the ordinary attractions of the Palace, the whole forming a thoroughly enjoyable bill of fare.

De Trop!—There was scarcely any necessity for the papers to announce that, on the departure of the Emperor for Metz, the *fourgons* containing his baggage formed the rear of the procession. It was a a *fourgon* conclusion.—*Punch-and-Judy.*

The Grumbler.

WHAT do I think of the position of France now? Why, that having met with a reverse or two, and lost some eighteen thousand out of three hundred thousand men in the field, the Gallic Cock may flap her wings, and dye her spurs, and her shrill clarion notes be yet heard far even on the other side the Rhine. Was there ever anything finer in war than MacMahon's division of thirty thousand gallant Frenchmen for eight hours withstanding the attack of one hundred and forty thousand Prussians. Eleven times did the division break the Prussian line, and only when darkness came on, and the gallant general, who had been for fifteen hours in the saddle, had his horse shot under him, and nearly all his staff killed or wounded around him, think of retiring, and then, only then, when he found how completely he was outnumbered, and how fresh troops were being momentarily hurled against him. And then, even then, to have been able to save even a remnant of that gallant, brave division, is altogether something so fine as an episode of the war, that it recalls the brilliant but unavailing charge of Balaclava, and should awaken every true Englishman's admiration for their late brave gallant allies; and none should speak of that gallant nation now so fearfully engaged, but with hope, loyalty, and every generous feeling. Who does otherwise? Why, Brown, Jones, Smith, and Robinson. Do you ever go down by the afternoon Little Poormansworth Express? No! Well, I do, and only last Thursday, in a smoking compartment—first class, of course. Six places occupied by Jones, Brown, Smith, Robinson—your humble servant, and the sixth place taken by Robinson's legs. So the compartment being full, and the doors duly and conventionally slammed, Jones takes out the *Echo*, Brown and Smith light their cigars, and Robinson (who, by-the-bye, is a full private on no pay in the Titchborne-street Terribles, a Volunteer regiment that mustered 116 strong, and greatly distinguished itself in the Brighton Campaign, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty-something), Robinson—of whom I know no more than Adam, save that he always bows most complacently to me when we meet at the refreshment bar of the Spiers and Pond terminus, though I cannot help thinking I have seen his face somewhere else, and have a half lurking suspicion 'tis the same bland smile, the same dark black curling beard and whiskers, that let me in for the silver grey silk dress the day I took Mrs. Growler to Messrs. Flash and Flowery's the morn after my late return from Hampton. But this is a long digression. Is it? Well, perhaps it may be; but not so long a one as you will have before I have done. Robinson, then, with his feet *à la Americaine* on the vacant seat opposite, and blowing clouds like a brew-house chimney, thus begins:—"Well, Mr. Growler, a pretty hash the French have made of it. Why the Emperor's regularly done—cut up his army all to pieces—not a chance now—all up." "Do you think so?" I modestly inquired. "Not a doubt of it. Oh, the French have made a regular mess of it;" to which Jones—who had just succeeded in lighting his cigar, after the heavy loss of two wax matches, and an explosive flarer, kindly offered by Smith—Jones, the gallant Jones—for Jones, also, is a Volunteer, or rather was, and served in May and Bryant's division of the Coldbath Fusees—that blazed away so on Dover heights. Jones, who is well-up in German geography and strategy, and is second clerk in the respectable house of Filtcheim, Gotchsdam, & Co.,—Jones, replying to Robinson, says, "Of course. Why didn't the French march at once to Cracow—letting McMahon occupy Moravia and Silesia; then with Canrobert at Bremen, Frossard at Munich—why, the Emperor naturally with his head-quarters at Carlsrhue, and leaving the Prince Imperial at Manheim to review the reserves as they came up—why, Prussia would have been crushed into a nutshell." Brown, however, don't see it. Brown, bear in mind, is something on the Stock Exchange—sees all the earliest telegrams, and, though he has not read much of history, knows very well that the Three per Cents. never made such fools of themselves, as Sydney Smith said as they did in the first Napoleon's time. Brown

says, "He deserves all he's got" (he means the Emperor). Brown's employer's house got hard hit, remember, when war was pooh! pooh'd!—till the Ems affair settled it. Brown maintains that the Imperial crown jewels have all come over here; five millions' worth of Consols have been purchased in the name of some Mr. Louis Smith; and a house near Seven Oaks has been purchased, all ready furnished, and just fit for a quiet gentleman and lady, with an only son, who only seek retirement, and have excellent means. Smith, then, to the rescue—Smith knows the Emperor well—he ain't coming over here, like Louis Philippe, with a carpet-bag and clean shirt—Empire or death! The French have got a plan which he, Smith, is not at liberty to mention—only he don't mind, as he is among gentlemen, saying so far, that the Emperor has made up his mind to be beaten in all the first engagements, then they will be obliged—that is, the Chambers will be—to send all the republicans and troublesome reds who are against him and the Empire to the front. Rochefort and all that lot will be liberated from prison, a regiment formed of them, and they will be all placed in square, just before a Prussian mitralleuse, and all got rid of at once. Then, ah! then, you'll see! The Emperor will again take the command and push on at once, and in three days dictate peace from Berlin—and that's Smith's opinion. Smith, I forgot to say, ought to know something about French affairs and France, for he married a young lady, a Swiss, who was formerly governess in a French nobleman's house in Brittany, where Smith met her when he went to survey a new line of railway that, however, they never could get a concession for. "Well, Mr. Growler, how do you think it will end," politely asks Robinson, for the first time removing his feet from the cushion, they have so long but with such ill breeding graced: "Well, Mr. Growler, how do you think it will all end?" Why, I hope by all parties in England seeing the impropriety of talking about and criticising what they don't, nay cannot understand. In other words, that as soon as possible they take their feet off the cushions that were not made for their boots nor legs to repose upon." Robinson didn't like this, and looked '*riled*.' However as he said nothing, I told him this story, Sir, when I was a boy there was a fight at our school between two unequally-matched lads; the young one was getting rather the worst of it, when an outsider kept screaming, "Now, then, little 'un, why don't you go in and give it him?" "Ah! so I would," said the lad, wiping the blood from his nose; "if I could only make him wait till I grow bigger." And who can tell how soon the French army may grow bigger, eh? Anyhow, as we are not in the war, but are neutrals, don't let us talk nonsense—don't let us be unjust. Don't let us be ungenerous—nor do not, above all, let us be oblivious. The Prussians were not with us in the Crimea—the Prussians did not help us during the India mutiny, and though there may be grief and pain, on domestic, as well as public grounds, let us, for goodness' sake, drop the "*domestic*" as much as possible, and rather stick to general public grounds—and, above all, the grounds of humanity. And let us hope that both the great antagonists will remember—

History can only take things in the gross,
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance.
To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As hath been done mere conquest to advance;
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

A French lady, who preserves her beauty by plastering strawberries over her face every night and washing them off the next morning, has for some time past been annoyed by a troublesome creditor. The other day he called before her beautyship had risen, and insisted on forcing his way into her bed room to demand instant payment. "But fools rush in where angels fear to tread." He had no sooner got into the room than his fair creditor called out, "My dear Mr. Dun, why could you be so imprudent as to approach a person suffering from small-pox? Look at my poor face." The creditor gave a shriek, darted out of the room, and has not since been heard of.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the neat reply.

THE TWELFTH.

THE great British campaign against the grouse sets in this week. While tons of villainous saltpetre are being discharged from the mouths of cannon on the Continent, a considerable quantity of peaceable gunpowder will be burned upon the moors of Yorkshire and of Scotland. The fatigue marches on the hill-sides will be undertaken with the vigour of an enthusiasm undisturbed by any prospect of an attack from an enemy. The grouse-shooter has nothing to struggle against save the heather and the sun. He rises to the cheery challenge of the cock when the mists are clearing from the brown desert, and as he advances, gun in hand, upon the territory preserved for his amusement he experiences a thrill of pleasurable sensations which are altogether distinct from that delight of battle which maddens the soldier in the field. The true sportsman believes in his heart that the fox enjoys being hunted, and that the cock grouse who has established a dynasty, and who has had a jolly time of it on the braes, does not regret the quick moment in which he leaves his life in the air, and tumbles before the straight pointed breech-loader of an expert. The old bird, if the institution of the 12th was not understood, would spend a miserable time of it when enfeebled by sickness and age. He dies game. He attempts strategy which is occasionally successful. He is an object of interest, not only as he springs from the turf, but when he ceases to move, and is bagged. He becomes still more attractive, cold for breakfast, or in a salmi whose composition is worthy of the highest efforts of the culinary art. The stupid butcheries of the battue cannot be repeated on the moors. There are, indeed, places where the game is too thick, where the birds are as close as partridges in Somersetshire stubbles, and where the firing is so frequent that the sport palls save on a glutton, whose appetite has been unduly excited by poaching at blue rocks, or in the warm corners of a pheasantry. But as a rule the grouse must be walked for. They are capricious in their habits, one day resting on the table summits of broad-shouldered mountains, at another distributed over the heather-plain in small detachments, again lying still and fixed as the grey stones, or running hither and thither for vast distances, without rising or even starting under the very nose of the sportsman, after having cunningly rounded on his dogs. There are, then, several agreeable uncertainties about grouse-shooting. As in salmon or in trout fishing also, the weather influences the fortunes of the day. The birds are not, perhaps, quite so capricious as the fish, but there are times when they are as coy as a ten-pounder in a flood or in snow water. In vain will the dogs beat for them. Hour after hour the search continues, the indefatigable setters coursing off and quartering, accompanied by the equally indefatigable pointers, who thoroughly enter into the spirit of the pursuit. The keeper vows he has seen the pack in such a place every morning for a month. The locality is tried once more, and then a council of war is formed in which the voice of a gillie is permitted, and often from the mouth of this urchin—a peculiar product of our customs and game laws—sage advice is heard. It is determined to descend from the slopes to their edge, or another line of country is selected for exploration. Here the birds are found collected as though a meeting of them had been convened by circular. The dogs are perpetually pointing, and backing, and drawing, while the chief of the lot assumes a lion-like crouching attitude in the heather. Now the music of the breech-loader rings out as fast as ever the cartridges can be placed. The birds are skurrying off, and it requires both promptitude and nerve to make good and clean shooting. The keepers and their understrappers are watching the scattered packs, and endeavouring to mark them if possible for the homeward route. After testing the resources of the commissariat department, the work of the hour is renewed with increased energy. A fresh couple or two of dogs are enlarged, and so the sport proceeds until the light begins to fade from the moors, and the weight of the game-baskets can fairly testify to the skill and perseverance of the shooter.

Grouse shooting is beyond doubt a manly English pastime, which we should regret to see falling into desuetude. The birds are not destructive to crops, and are in no way injurious to farmers, being altogether out of the region of profitable agriculture. The moors are not as sound training schools for the use of arms as Wimbledon-common, but we find that the men who can perform well with the breech-loader are not backward with the rifle, which we trust to have exchanged for the Martini-Henri or the Snider. The taste for the amusement has developed a whole series of new industries and callings in Scotland. It has quadrupled the monetary value of bleak and desolate lands. Nor is grouse shooting merely the recreation of a privileged class. It is open to all who can pay for it. Besides the Pall-mall loungers who will be knee-deep and ankle-deep in the heather to-day, there will be a considerable proportion of barristers, artists, men of letters, and men of business, who are not afraid to leave their chambers and offices during the crisis of affairs abroad. The sport is not perhaps so easily within the reach of professional people as partridge shooting, but of late years the facilities of communication, and a decided increase of sensible views on the value of health, have multiplied the numbers of those to whom exercise is something more than an escape from idleness. There are persons who regard shooting with the same abhorrence as Puritans regarded bear-baiting, and would put a stop to it if they could, for much the same reason that Macaulay attributed to the unco-guid who legislated against the worrying of bruin. When the shooting of birds is unconnected with sanitary pleasure-giving and mentally refining associations—for we claim the latter for grouse shooting—when it is tainted with the reputation of a gambling device, we have nothing to say in its favour. When it degenerates into the slaughter of gulls, of sparrows, or of rooks, who have specially valuable and interesting functions to discharge, which are not in any way compensated for by their value or interest when killed, we should not feel inclined to defend the sport, but it is otherwise with grouse shooting. As for talking about the reclamation of the moors, as a matter of fact the very best commercial use to which they can be put is to plant and stock them plentifully with birds. A higher price is given for the chance of taking from them a big crop of grouse than would be offered for a wilderness in a state of artificial transition.

It is impossible to conclude even such holiday reflections as those suggested by the 12th of August without remarking how the occasion emphasises the feeling of almost selfish security which we enjoy, while our neighbours across the Channel are restless and shaken under the terrible shocks and spasms of war. We may be at times uneasy as to the turn which events might take in our own direction, but the possibilities of invasion, and of consequent social disturbance and disorder, are only thought of as contingencies of the most remote character. The war, therefore, will very little, if at all, interfere with the grouse shooting; and yet people say England is not a comfortable country to live in. For a sentiment of personal indifference, which is in no degree either cowardly or selfish, we are indebted to our best friend and ally—the sea. If England were not insular, the chances are that the moors would be as empty and as silent at this hour as they were a month ago. As it is, we are enabled to go about our business and our pleasure undistracted by the pictures which Sydney Smith drew of an English parish overrun with foreign troops—the caricature of a grim reality, for which we shall not be less prepared in the future because we can talk of grouse shooting to-day.

An Obliging Class of Men.—Auctioneers, who attend to every one's bidding.—*Punch-and-Judy.*

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it is plenty long, sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

On Wednesday Messrs. Thomas and Homan, of Rochester, commenced selling the effects of the late Mr. Charles Dickens, at Gadshill-place. The sale will be continued until this day (Saturday), and every article of furniture, all the china, glass: plants, carriages, even the broken jars about the place, will be disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

AMID the harassing excitement of a prolonged war-cry, and the reflected glare of crimson terror, it is refreshing to turn to the verdant pleasures of Runnymede, and even grateful to avail oneself of the more sombre amusements of Wolverhampton, with all its saturnine accompaniments. At the time of writing, scarcely anything calls for special comment. The entries for the Autumn Handicaps are both numerous and varied, and give the lie to all the nightmares of evil prophets. No other evidence is required to sustain the oft-asserted fact that, purged of its many evils, the necessary growth of time and concomitants of all human institutions, the Turf will long continue to be the favourite pastime of the English people.

Some twenty horses have already been backed for the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, though only for small sums; nor is it worth discussing the comparative merits of horses whose weights have not been adjusted. We shall, however, provided the merits of one or two youngsters do not previously become known, be prepared to nominate the winner of the longer race absolutely in good time for all *bonâ fide* investors. A review of the present week's events is premature, and the entries for the ensuing week are not at hand. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to the Ebor Handicap, the weights for which have been published in course, and are in the hands of our readers. The confusing similarity in the nomenclature of two of the horses threatens to lead to great inconvenience and some injury to backers; and it would be well of Lord Zetland, the present proprietor of the top weight, to change the name of his daughter of Souvenir, who, though heavily weighted, cannot be considered out of the hunt. For the representative of Briggs's stable we have no respect in this company, believing that Toison d'Or, with 1lb. more to carry, is much more likely to run into the first three. She is, however, not good enough at this weight to beat the field, unless her merits have been singularly concealed. Of Blandford and W. Day we can only say that the race is too good for the colt and too bad for his proprietor. For Chérie we entertain the highest respect, and can scarcely see any nomination with a better chance for this race. We have, however, doubts as to the intention of the owner, and shall discard her for another candidate. Jarnac, Fleets, and Co., we shall dismiss as outclassed, though the first-named should be handy at the finish. Of Good Hope and Lord Hawthorn it is impossible to speak but with great respect. The market would indicate that the first-named will contest this event; and, well at the post, we think his chance second only to one horse in the handicap. Sweet Sound has a little too much weight for this race, though this beautiful sister to Kettledrum will probably show to advantage later on, if with a more lenient impost. Of Torreador we have a very high opinion for this race. The weight is fully equal to the horse's powers, but he is uncommonly well just now, and is marked for a handicap of this nature. We shall, therefore, pin our faith to Torreador and Good Hope, expecting the prize to fall to one of this pair, giving an absolute preference to Blandford, if everything "be made right" upon Our Mary Ann principle.

FORECAST.

THE GREAT RACES OF 1872.

DONCASTER SEPTEMBER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for then three year olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 5lb; the second to receive 200 sovs., and the third 100 sovs. out of the stakes. St. Leger Course (1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards). 196 subs.

Lord Ailesbury's c by Savernake—Heroine of Lucknow.
Lord Ailesbury's c Whorlton, by Miner—Beatrice, by Voltigeur.
Lord Ailesbury's f Scrutiny, by Stockwell—Bribery.
Lord Anglesey's c by Fitz-Roland—Letty West.
Lord Anglesey's c by Man-at-Arms—Mrs. Croft.
Lord Anglesey's c by Trumpeter—Ayacanora.
Lord Anglesey's c by Rataplan—Theodora.
Mr. C. Ashton's c Gold Nugget, by the Miner—Volga.
Mr. J. Astley's f by Atherstone—Presumption.
Count Batthyany's c Delay, by Loiterer—Orlanda.
Duke of Beaufort's c by Beadsman—Palm.
Mr. Beverley's c Marlborough, by Moulsey—Miss Livingstone.
Mr. H. Baldwin's c Bandsman, by Marsyas—Fanfaronade, by Gameboy.
Mr. Bowes's c Risque-tout, by Adventurer—Auld Acquaintance.
Mr. Bowes's c Intrepid, by Adventurer—Go-ahead.
Mr. Bowes's c Gratinski, by Macaroni—Klarinska.
Mr. Bowes's f Madge Wildfire, by Blair Athol—Old Orange Girl
Lord Bradford's c by Parmesan—May Bell.
Lord Bradford's c by Lord Clifden—Zelle.
Lord Bradford's f by Stockwell—Black Lily.
Mr. W. S. Cartwright's f Louise Victoria, by Marsyas—The Princess of Wales.
Mr. W. S. Cartwright's f by Blair Athole—Phœbe.
Lord Charlemont's c Marino, by Blarney—May Queen, by Stockwell.
Mr. Cookson's f by Macaroni—Virginia, by Stockwell.
Mr. Cookson's f by Macaroni or Scottish Chief—Queen of Trumps, by King Tom.
Mr. Cookson's c by Blair Athol—Lady Louisa, by The Flying Dutchman.
Mr. Cookson's c by Camerino—Alarum (late Amorous Girl).
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—Eller.
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanticleer.
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—Maggiore.
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—The Gem.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Struan (brother to Bicycle), by Blair Athol—Terrific.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Drumochter, by Stockwell—Mayonnaise.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Wellingtonia, by Chattanooga—Araucaria.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c The King, by King Tom—Black Rose.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Simon, by St. Albans—Aunt Hannah.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Meanderer, by Saunterer—Moula.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's f Hourglass, by St. Albans—Quicksand.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Debenture, by Exchequer—Polynesia.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's f Cottage Maiden by King John—Elspeth.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's f Highland Lassie, by Caterer or Stockwell—Glengowrie.
Mr. Cross's f Phya, by Nutbourne—Phyllis.
Mr. J. Dawson's c Prince Charlie, by Blair Athol—Eastern Princess.
Mr. M. Dawson ns c by Asteroid—Miss Roland.
Mr. M. Dawson ns c Sherwood, by Wingrave—Opoponax.
Mr. M. Dawson's c Popularity, by Brocket—Rita.
Mr. R. M. Delamere's c Prodigal, by Outcast—Owen Roe's dam.
Mr. W. Dore's c by Lord of the Isles—Kennett.
Mr. H. Draper's c Aboyne, by Broomielaw—Electra.
Mr. H. Dutton's f by Scottish Chief—Queen Bess, by Alarm.
Mr. Eastwood's c by King of Trumps—Lady Alice Hawthorn.
Mr. E. Etche's c by The Duke—Mangosteen, by Knight of Kars.
Lord Falmouth's c Queen's Messenger, by Trumpeter—Queen Bertha.
Lord Falmouth's c Patriarch, by St. Albans—Siberia.
Lord Falmouth's c Silvester, by St. Albans—Silverhair.
Lord Falmouth's c by Saunterer—Flax.
Lord Falmouth's f Prowess, by Saunterer—Woodcraft.
Mr. W. Feaster's c Lord Glasgow, brother to George Osbaldeston.
Lord Feversham's c Strathlay, by Blair Athol—Phantom Sail.
Lord Fitzwilliam's c by Warlock—Patch.
Lord Fitzwilliam's c by Warlock—Moselle.
Mr. T. Gee's c Lord Colney, by Cathedral—Violet, by Thormanby.
Mr. T. Gee's f Cameo, by Camerino—Patience.
Mr. J. Gilby's c Triton, by Trumpeter—Ionica.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Oxford—Auricula.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Thormanby—Valetta, by Stockwell.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Oxford—Gretna.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Lord Clifden—Mineral.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Oxford, dam by Flatcatcher—Silence.
Mr. W. Hale's f Necklet, by Young Melbourne—Bracelet.
Mr. C. Harrison's f Excalibur, by Gladiateur—Bathilde.
Mr. C. Harrison's c Coup de Main, by Adventurer—Aline.
Mr. A. Harrison's f by Macaroni—Spinster.
Mr. H. A. Harrison's c Tom de Grey, by Adventurer—Timandra.
Captain B. E. Hawke ns f by Cape Flyaway—Stockade by Stockwell.
Sir J. Hawley's f Blue Sleeves (sister to Green Sleeves), by Beadsman—Mrs. Quickly.
Sir J. Hawley's c Alvarez (brother to Pero Gomez), by Beadsman—Salamanca.
Sir J. Hawley's c Alava, by Asteroid—Arapeile.
Sir J. Hawley's f Derelict, by Tim Whiffler—Vaga.
Mr. Hewett's c by Camerino—Maid of Derwent.
Mr. Hewett's c by Van Galen—Gibside Lady.
Mr. Hewett's c by Blair Athol—Lady Hawthorn.
Mr. Hewett's c by Newminster—Stockings, dam Go-ahead.
Mr. G. Hilton's c by Cecrops—Nemesis.
Mr. G. Hilton's c by Cecrops—Steel Pen.
Mr. L. Hodgson's f by Lord Clifden—Media, by Sir Tatton Sykes.
Mr. A. E. Hope's c Young Sydmonton, by Sydmonton—Maid of Malvern.
Mr. A. E. Hope's c President, by Prime Minister—Excitement.
Mr. W. Hudson's c (brother to Pace), by Caterer—Lady Trespass.
Mr. W. Hudson's c by Saccharometer—Stolen Moments.
Mr. T. Hughes's c by Marsyas—Bess Lyon.
Mr. R. H. Jones's c by Cramond—Kapunda, by Stockwell.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns c by Newminster—Bonny Bell.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns c by Newminster—Bab-at-the-Bowster.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Rataplan—Borealis.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Blair Athol—Ellen the Fair.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Blair Athol—Nutbush.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Cramond,—Mrs. Garforth (Theobald's dam).
Mr. Jaques's c Not Guilty, by High Treason—Q.E.D.
Mr. J. M. Jennings's f Lady Murray, by Blair Athol—Secret Treasure.
Mr. T. Jenning's f Dulce Domum, by Cambuscan—Sweet Home.
Mr. T. Jenning's g Lighthouse, by Cambuscan—Grace Darling.
Sir F. Johnstone's c by Trumpeter—Crytheia.
Sir F. Johnstone's f by Trumpeter—The Roe.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Adventurer—Eveline.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Adventurer—Miriam.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Warlock—Revivalist.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Blair Athol—Greta.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Prime Minister—Regina, by Autocrat.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Trumpeter—Olga.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Gladiateur—Lady Flora, by Stockwell.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Blair Athol—Sporting Life.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by King Tom—Fair Agnes, by Melbourne.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by St. Albans—Amanda.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's c by Trumpeter—Isilia.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's c Trumpet, by Trumpeter—The Chase.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's f Lucens, by Trumpeter—Hepatica.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's f by Wild Dayrell—The Swallow.
Mr. Launde's c Tinker, by Rataplan—Thor's Day.
Mr. R. H. Long's c by Gladiateur—Battaglia.
M. A. Lupin's c Le Major, by Gladiateur—Deliane, by The Flying Dutchman—Imperieuse (bred in France).
M. A. Lupin's c Final, by Dollar—Finlande (late Faustine), by Ion—Fraudulent (bred in France).
Captain Machell's c by Newcastle—Lady Augusta.
Captain Machell's c Whirlwind, by Fitz-Roland—Typhoon.
Mr. W. Martin's c Dracon, by Rouge Dragon—Luscinia.
Mr. H. May's c Ravenna, by Macaroni—Superstition.
Mr. H. May's f America, by St. Albans—Amazon.
Mr. Merry's c Brother to Eltham, by Marsyas—Butterfly.
Mr. Merry's c by Gladiateur—Sunbeam.
Mr. Merry's f by Scottish Chief—Gong.
Mr. Merry's f by Scottish Chief—Masquerade.
Mr. Merry's f by Costa—Clotilde.
M. A. de Montgomery's Henri IV. by Monarque—La Toucques.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's c Xanthus, by Thormanby—Woodbine.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's c Onslow, by Cambuscan—Dulcibella.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's c Cartridge, by Dundee—Shot.
Mr. G. W. Morris's c by Knowsley—Club Queen.
Mr. G. W. Morris's c by Rapid Rhone—Princess Augusta.
Mr. H. Morris's c Menu, by Caterer—Isoline.
Mr. T. Parr's c by Grimston—Nerio.
Mr. Payne's c Brother to General Peel, by Young Melbourne, dam by Orlando—Brown Bess.
Mr. Payne's c by Brother to Bird on the Wing (foaled in 1853)—Croxteth's dam.
Mr. Payne's c by Brother to Strafford (foaled in 1860)—The Drake's dam.
Mr. Payne's c by General Peel—Enfield's dam.
Mr. F. L. Popham's c Succés, by Wild Dayrell—My Pleasure.
Mr. F. L. Pophams f Confiscation, by Wild Dayrell, dam by Lambton—Latakia.
Mr. Pryor's c by Chevalier d'Industrie—Troublesome.
Mr. Radbourn's c by Oxford or Knight of the Crescent—Princess Royal, by Slane.
Mr. Jos. Radcliff's c by Camerino—Snowdrop, by Galanthus.
Mr. Reginald's c by Blair Athol—Queen of Spain.
Mr. Reginald's c by Citadel—Vanity.
Mr. W. Robinson's c by Dundee—Titiens.
Baron Rothschild's c Restoration (brother to Restitution), by King Tom—Rest's dam, by Slane.
Baron Rothschild's c Ethelred (brother to King Alfred), by King Tom—Scholar's dam.
Mr. W. Sadler's c by Lord Clifden—The Rescued.
Mr. C. Samuda's c Harry Hotspur, by Tim Whiffler—Dunoon.
Mr. H. Savile's c by The Ranger—Queen Lily.
Mr. H. Savile's f Deerdale, by The Duke—Doeskin.
Mr. H. Savile's f by The Ranger—Vertumna.
Mr. J. Saxon's f by Defender—Gay Lass, by Teddington.
Mr. J. Saxon's f by Defender—Mary, by Idle Boy.
Lord Scarborough's c Drummond, by Rataplan—Eglantine, by The Flying Dutchman.
Baron Schickler's c Bâton Rouge, by Argonaut—Nova (bred in France).
Baron Schickler's f Suzeraine, by Argonaut—Bravery.
Mr. J. G. Simpson's f Kleptomania, by Adventurer—Gertrude, by Hautboy.
Mr. C. Snewing's c Cassivelaunus, by Caractacus—Campanile.
Prince Soltykoff's c Cape Race, by Cape Flyaway—Meteorite.
Mr. Somerville's c Mirerimus, by Trumpeter or Sydmonton—Miserrima.
Mr. Somerville's c Golden Fleece, by Vengeance or Sydmonton—Medeia.
Major Stapylton's c Stornoway, by Blair Athol—Madeleine.
Captain Starkie's f by Breadalbane, dam's pedigree unknown.
Mr. W. Stewart's f (sister to Mary) by Cairncastle—Maid of Kildare.
Mr. G. Storey's c by Breadalbane—Fidget.
Mr. R. Sutton's c Impulse, by Elland—Twilight.
Mr. R. Sutton's c by Elland—Juanita Perez.
Colonel Towneley's c by Kettledrum—Haricot.
Colonel Towneley's c (brother to Cymbal) by Kettledrum—Nelly Hill.
Colonel Towneley's c by Blair Athol—Humming Bird.
Colonel Towneley's c by King of Trumps—Amethyst.
Colonel Towneley's c by King of Trumps—Nightingale, by West Australian.
Colonel Towneley's c by Breadalbane—Goodlass, by Kettledrum.
Colonel Towneley's c by Breadalbane—Alacrity.
Colonel Towneley's c by Breadalbane—Imperatrice.
Colonel Towneley's f by Kettledrum—Pompadour.
Mr. T. E. Walker's c Chestnut (bro. to Viridis), by Marsyas—Maid of Palmyra.
Mr. John Watson's f by St. Albans—Ess Bouquet.
Mr. John Watson's f by Macaroni—Selina (Cecil's dam).
Lord Westminster's c by Caterer—Simla.
Mr. F. A. Williamson's c by Breadalbane—Ursuline.
Mr. T. Winteringham's f Maid of Perth, by Scottish Chief—Lady Dot.
Mr. Wright's f War Queen, by Arthur Wellesley—Daisy, by Touchstone.
Mr. R. Wright's c Master McGrath, by Mildew—Little Nan.
Mr. R. Wright's c Yorkminster, by Arthur Wellesley—Telltale, by Newminster.
Mr. York's c by Exchequer—Contadina.
Lord Zetland's c King Lud, by King Tom—Qui Vive.
Lord Zetland's c Khedive, by Macaroni—Bumblekite.

Advertisements.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand, Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead, will REOPEN MONDAY, August 22. Many important additions have been made to the old company. Mr. Santley has been exclusively engaged, in accordance with a promise made more than a year ago. The musical entertainments, which have always formed a prominent feature of the Gaiety programme, will be enlarged and improved.

GAIETY COMPANY.—Mr. SANTLEY (who will appear Oct. 8), Mr. J. L. Toole (who will appear at Christmas), Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Julia Matthews, Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Miss E. Farren, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Miss C. Loseby, Mr. Charles Lyall, Mr. J. D. Stoyle, Mr. Perrini, Mr. R. Soutar, Miss Tremaine, Mr. J. Maclean, Miss A. Goodall, Mrs. H. Leigh, Miss Maria Harris, Miss Nelly Harris, Miss Phillis Glover. The Ballet (enlarged) has been placed under the direction of M. Charles Carle. Première danseuse, Mdlle. Emma Carle. The Band (carefully selected) is under the direction of Herr Meyer Lutz and Mr. F. Stanislaus; and the Chorus has been enlarged.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.- LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING Saturday), August 13, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"'Little Em'ly' is revived with a cast in many respects so new that the revival may almost be regarded as a novelty. Without drawing 'odorous' comparisons, we may safely affirm that the piece has not in the least suffered by the change of the performers."—Times.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE.—"'The Raging Torrent,' behind the fisherman's hut, with menacing shapes of gnomes, goblins, and water sprites surging amid the waters. The Enchanted Forest, haunted by mischievous elves. 'The Descent of Undine beneath the waves,' 'The Apotheosis of Undine,' who is seen soaring towards Olympus, surrounded by ministering seraphs clad in many-coloured robes, on which the lime-light falls with refulgent splendour."—Morning Post.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—173rd time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; Box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. and Mrs. ROUSBY, EVERY EVENING, in 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN. "A most enthusiastic success."—Times. "Unqualified success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Complete success."—Standard.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Open Every Evening for the Summer Season.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, the comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; the celebrated Burlesque, by H. J. Byron, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE; and A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Doors open at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office or at the Libraries.

COMPLAINTS. Sung by Mr. EDWARD TERRY. Encored five times every night in Byron's great burlesque, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, the new Farce, by F. Hay, CUPBOARD LOVE. Messrs. H. Elton, C. Garthorne, and Miss L. Claire. TWO ROSES, by James Albery.

TWO ROSES, by James Albery.

THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock, new and original Comedy in Three Acts, by J. Albery, TWO ROSES. Messrs. H. J. Montague, T. Thorne, H. Irving, George Honey, W. H. Stephens; Mesdames Lavis, A. Newton, and Amy Fawsitt.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, J. Beauclerc, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

MR. DAVID JAMES, having terminated his engagement at the Strand Theatre, will appear here in conjunction with Mr. H. J. Montague, on MONDAY NEXT, August 15, in a new Farce, entitled CHISELLING.—VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING at 7.30, Charles Reade's great drama of PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, from the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, with the entire Adelphi Company, and all the original effects that have recently created so great a sensation at that theatre.

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CREMORNE.—LA FEE AUX ROSES, EVERY EVENING, at 10.

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N.B.—The History is the result of the accumulation of many years, and the labour of many months. No fewer than 170 Authorities have been consulted and are cited.

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